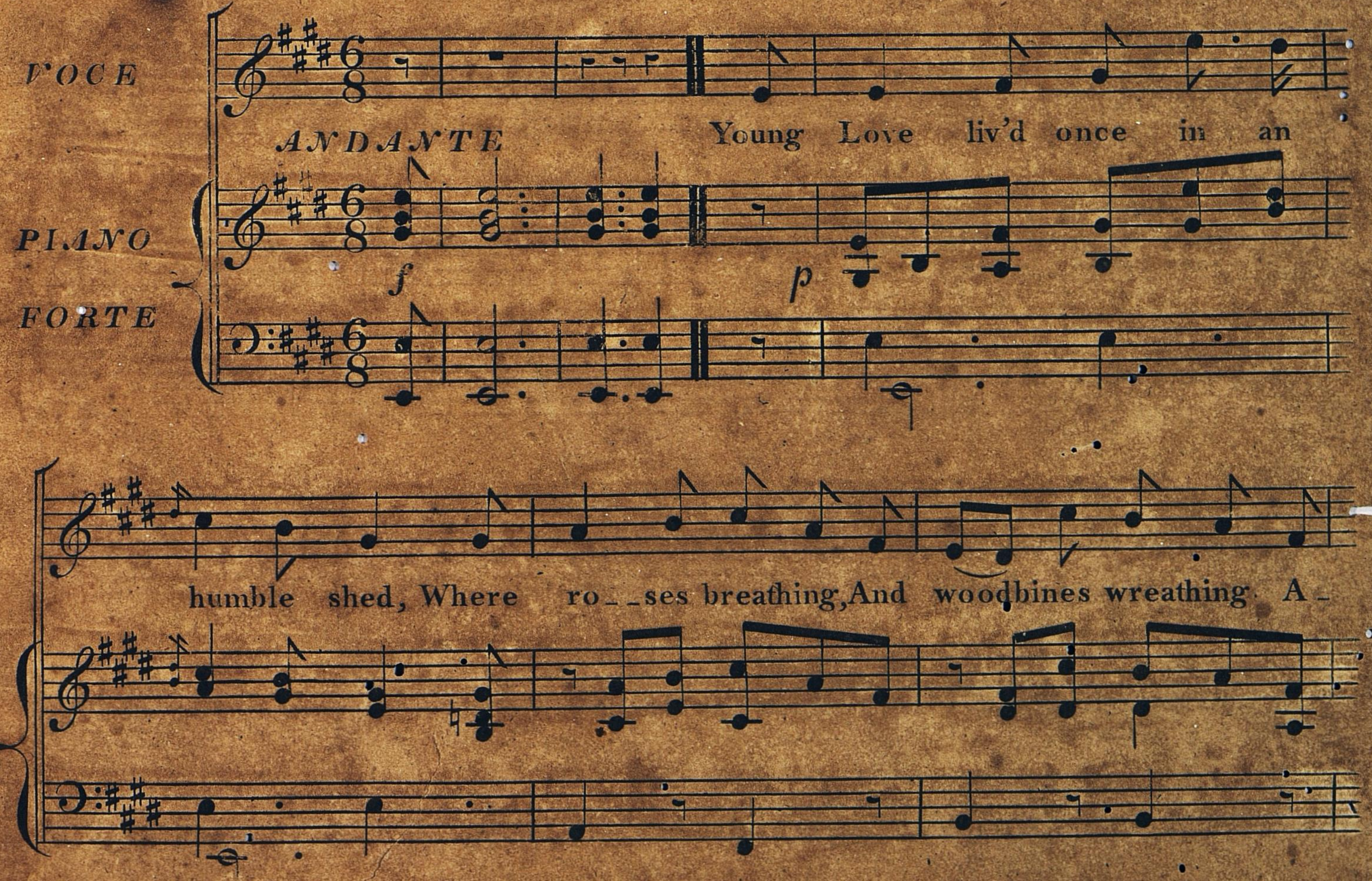
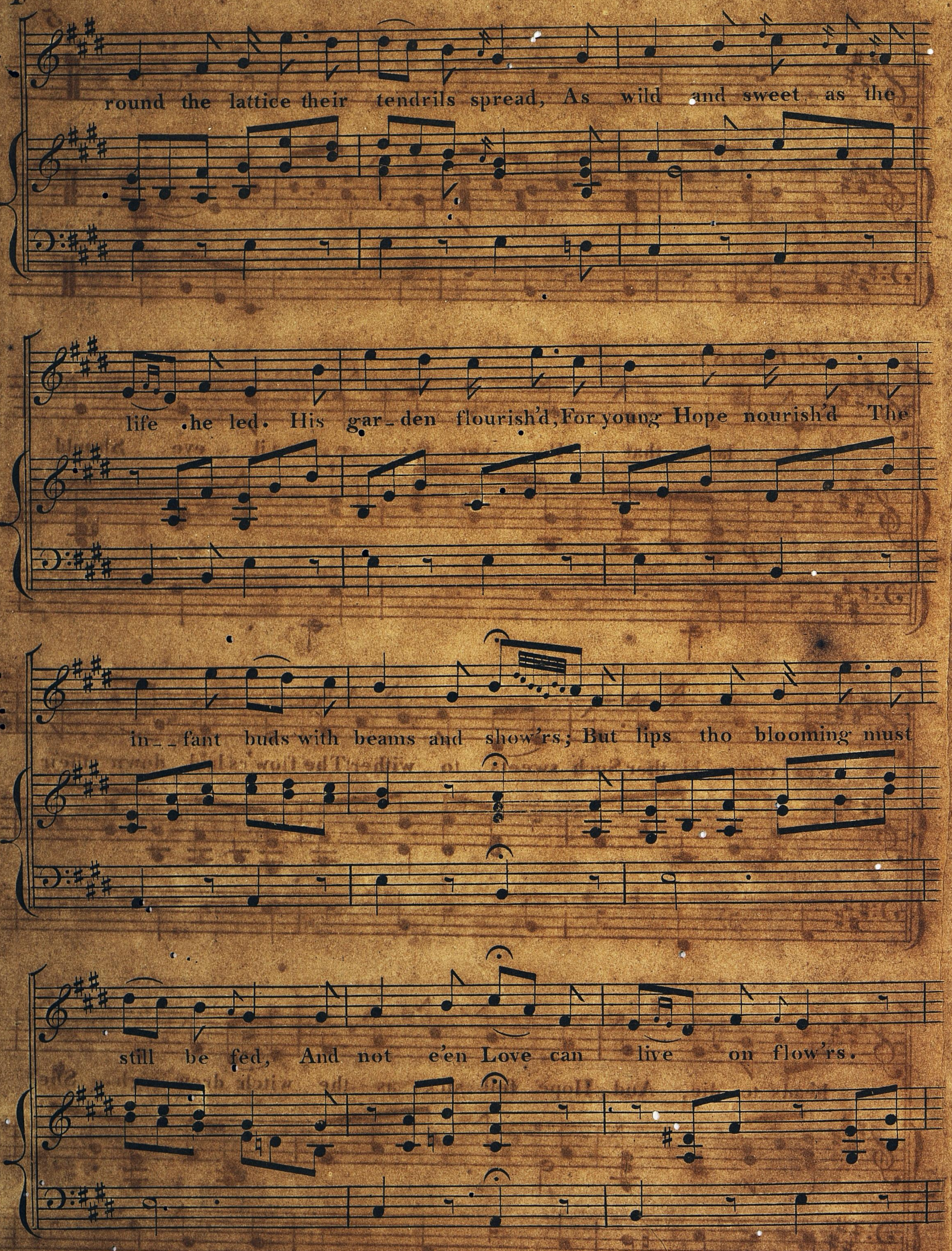
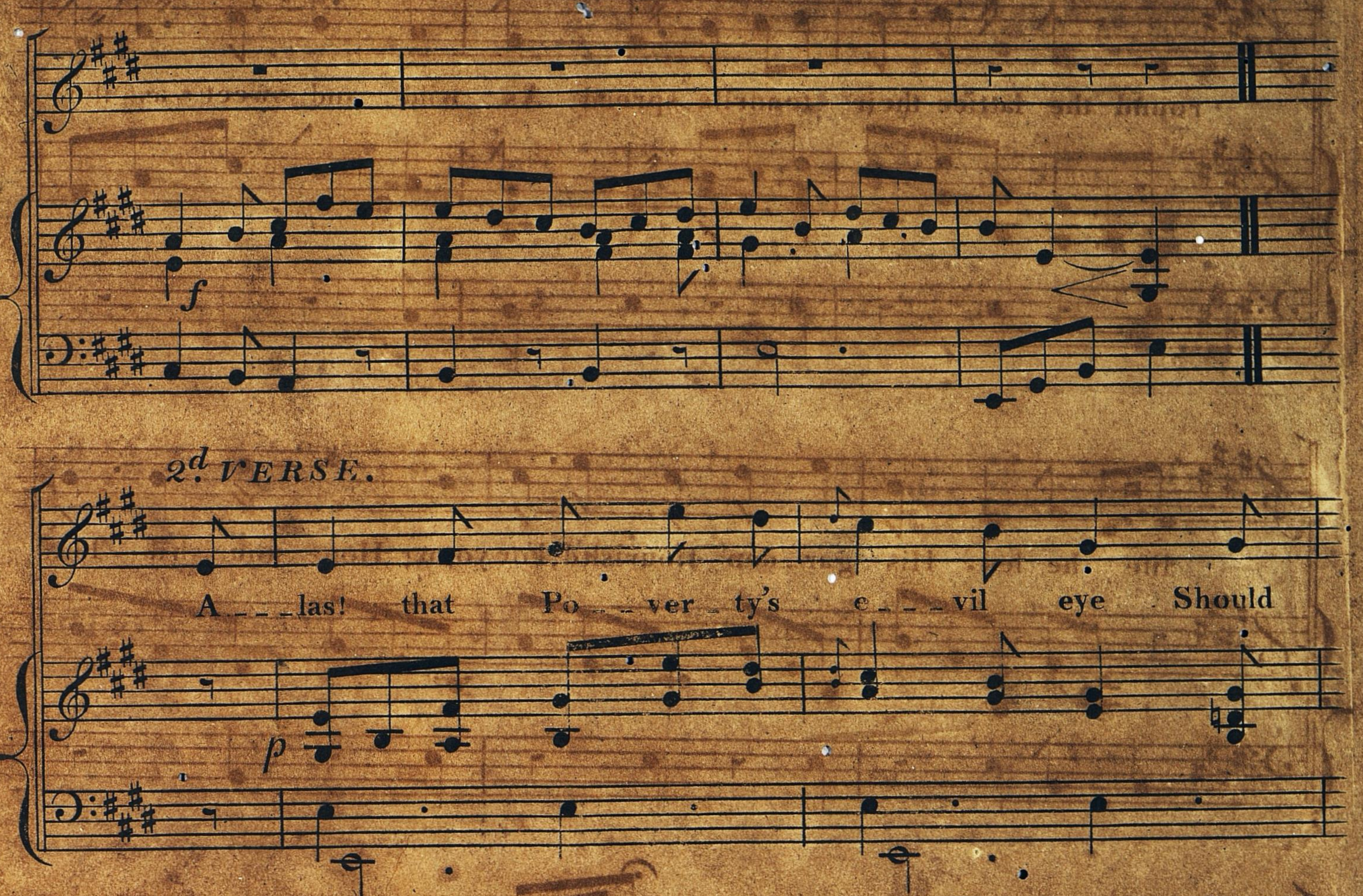
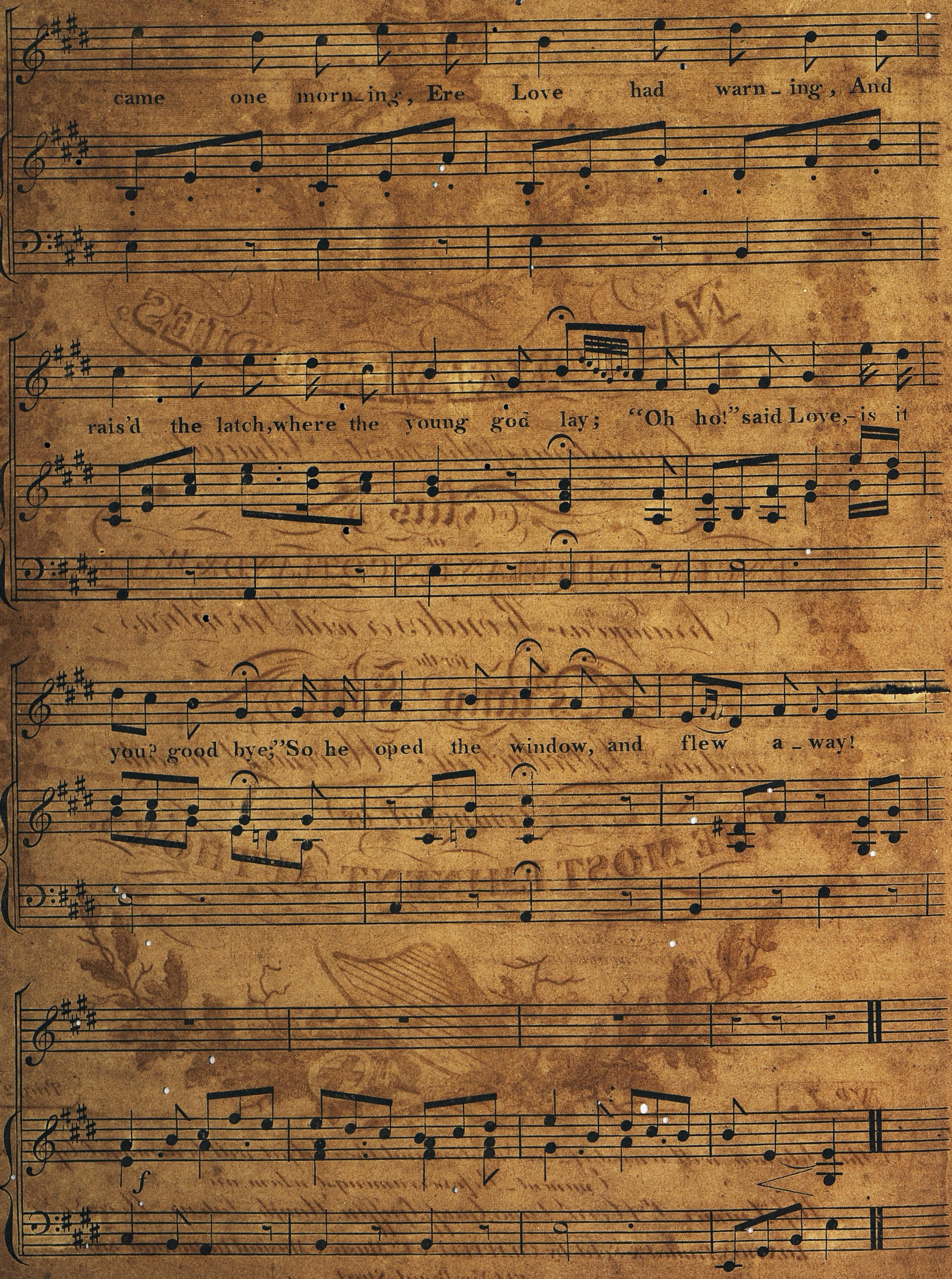
Young Love.

Music & Words by Thos. Moore Esqr.




round the lattice their tendrils spread, As wild and sweet as the
life he led. His gar-den flourish'd, For young Hope nourish'd The
in-fant buds with beams and show'rs; But lips tho blooming must
still be fed, And not e'en Love can live on flow'rs.


2d. VERSE.
A - - - las! that Po - - ver - ty's e - - - vil eye Should
e'er come hi - ther, Such sweets to wither! The flow'rs laid down their
heads to die, And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh. She


came one morn_ing, Ere Love had warn_ing, And
rais'd the latch, where the young god lay; "Oh ho!" said Love,-is it
you? good bye;" So he oped the window, and flew a_way!
f